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## LITERARY CHARACTERS—No. IV.

BY CLAVIUS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THERE is nothing more difficult than the delineation of the distinctive shades which go to make up living characters; the etching to an admiring world, the thoughts and feelings—the sentiments and sympathies of her inimitable bards. With the dead—the departed great, our task becomes comparatively light, for there is a new optical glass of vision, through which we see the moving scenes in the glorious past; and a mistake in our representation could not be so quickly noted, as their witnesses would have passed away, with the philosophers and poets whose remains we were commemorating. Shall this, however, lead the mind of a true born American to forget the members of a living brotherhood? No—let it rather incite him to more untiring thought, that he may do comparative justice, both to the talent and moral worth of his cotemporaries. Let the pride which he has for his native country, and for those who breathe the spirit of poetry and melody into the minds of our sons and daughters, enkindle all the nobler feelings of his nature. Animated by such a breathing of the better man within, we proceed to our imposed duty.

The character and writings of William Cullen Bryant are of no ordinary kind. Standing, as he justly does, at the head of the list of American Poets, and uniting with Wordsworth and Southey, in the formation of a new school of poetry,—while he preserves the beautiful spirit and naivette loveliness of his own land, we cannot analyze the productions of his genius without a glow of admiration, nor fail to repeat his name with pride from the morning until the evening hour. That he merits the best eulogiums that have been written upon his verse, is to say but little; and that he is not yet fully understood and appreciated by his countrymen is what we truly believe.

Brought up at the very foot of nature, Bryant studied with 'the rapt eye of inspiration' her forms of life, of glory, and of death. Basking in her light, he caught the sunshine of her smile of beauty and sublimity. Viewing her as a mighty whole, he individualized, and formed in his mind a perfect transcript of all her separate features. He left no blank. All was finished; and as we follow him—piece after piece of the wonderful frame work of nature moves in its own place, until we behold the outer world, formed anew by his

genius, and now, unlike that world to us before, breathing in almost intellectual life and energy. Mountain and cataract—river and ocean—whirlwind and storm—thunder and lightning, are his brothers—the strange companions of his youth. Wild-wood flowers and jasmine—green foliage of summer, and golden leaves of autumn, and even dew drops sparkling upon the rose bud, are his sisters. Most appropriately may we apply to him the language of Pollock, when speaking of the erratic Bard of England.

—With nature's self  
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest  
At will, with all her glorious majesty.

'This familiar companionship with nature, gives to his poetry a distinctiveness, which is never found in those who paint from recollection, or from superficial knowledge. 'His poetry is a translation of nature, which is audible only to the gifted ear.' In proof of all the above remarks, we can cite numerous passages from his poems.

He stands beneath the burning sky, and awaits the approach of the spirit whirlwind. He describes it as sailing, as a mighty shadow, through the arch of heaven, silent, and slow, and terrible.

'Like the dark eternity to come.'

The world, in awful dismay, looks up through its hot vapors, at the gloomy gathering, while the tempest of wrath blackens, quenching the splendid fire of the sun, which sheds forth a ray sad and forboding—

'A beam that touches with hues of death,  
The clouds above and the earth beneath.'

Onward, still onward it rolls in awful majesty, making the heavens, like a whirling ocean of elements, coming in mad collision, until it stretches from zone to zone, folding in its giant arms the visible creation—casting the flashing meteors from its chariot wheels, and hurling its fire-bolts amid the general wreck.

He loves the low small voice of the evening wind, breathing in pensive sweetness through his lattice, and amid his flowing hair, until, touched with a feeling of gratitude, he exclaims—

'Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,  
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,  
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,  
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee  
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea.'

Bryant is not selfish, and in the fullness of his heart he invokes the spirit of the air, to 'rock the wood-bird in his nest,' to 'curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse the wide old wood from his majestic rest'—to play around the brow of the gray haired man, to kiss the sleeping child—and softly part the curtains by the sick man's bed, that he may think it the calm blessed whisperings from the bower of Eden. What is more descriptive to the very life, than his 'Winter Piece.' Bryant is a Philosopher, and this is our glory and our boast, when we record his praises. He is generally calm and contemplative, and in the article which we have just mentioned, he combines the most captivating paintings of nature with the healthful teachings of nature's philosophy. He wanders through the woods, when 'the unsteady pulse beat with strange flutterings.'—The sunshine is his friend. The 'swelling hills' and 'quiet dells,' are 'a calm society,' that talk with him and sooth him; while every thing around makes him 'forget thoughts

that broke his peace, and lose himself in day-dreams.' The leafless trees of Autumn are clear to him, for 'they seem like old companions in adversity.' But listen, reader, till your soul is hushed within you, as he leads you to a winter scene—

—“Approach!

The encrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,  
And the broad arching portals of the grove  
Welcome thy entrance. Look! the massy trunks  
Are cased in the pure chrystal; each light spray,  
Nodding and tingling in the breath of heaven,  
Is studded with its trembling water drops,  
That stream with rainbow radiance as they move.  
But round the parent stem the long low boughs  
Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbors hide  
The grassy floor. Oh! you might deem the spot,  
The spacious cavern of the virgin mine,  
Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems grow,  
And diamonds put forth radiant rods and buds  
With amethyst and topaz—and the place  
Lit up, most royally, with the pure beam  
That dwells in them. Or haply the vast hall  
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,  
And fades not in the glory of the sun;—  
Where chrystal columns send forth slender shafts  
And crossing arches; and fantastic aisles  
Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost  
Among the crowded pillars.”

What would one not give for such power, united with such touching simplicity of description. We could go on thus, and pen for hours kindred passages, but the unconscious length to which we have already extended this article forbids it. Nor would we desire to transcribe all the original and devotional thoughts of Bryant, the great master of song. Nay, we but touch one string of his ever-breathing lyre, that all may be ravished with its untold melody—and joyously, or, it may be mournfully, listen to all its vibrations, until, as in his own inimitable ‘Thanalassis,’ we address our spirit,

‘So live, that when thy summon comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.’

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#### INTERCOURSE OF THE SEXES.

What makes those men who associate habitually with women, superior to others? What makes that woman who is accustomed to and is at ease in the company with men, superior to her sex in general? Why are the women of France so universally admired for their colloquial power? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, and continual conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity; their faculties awaken; their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory or sullen manner.

John Neal.

## A VISIT TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

BY JAMES C. ZABRISKIE.

\* \* \* The main Cave is seven miles long, and contains one hundred and fifty-nine branches, many of which have not been fully explored. The greatest distance from the mouth of the cave that has been attained is fifteen miles. The extent to which any persons have passed through the various branches of the Cave is seventy miles. These several feats were performed by Col. A. R. McKee and myself. Within a mile from the mouth of the Cave are the remains of the salt petre works that were in operation there in 1815, such as the hoppers, conduits, etc. After passing these you enter the bat room, or 'Audubon's Avenue,' so named because it contains innumerable bats hanging in clusters against the arch, and in compliment to the celebrated ornithologist. In this branch there are several apartments neatly fitted up for the accommodation of invalids.

You next pass the Kentucky cliffs, so named because they resemble the cliffs on the Kentucky river. About half a mile farther you enter the 'Church.' The ceiling in this apartment is forty feet high; the extent of the area sixty-nine feet square. It contains a projecting cliff, in an eligible position, about twenty feet high, which was formerly used as a pulpit; for the Methodist society some years since occupied this as a place of worship. Following this branch you pass through the 'Gothic Gallery' and 'Avenue' to the 'Gothic Chapel.' These Gothic apartments are so named from their resemblance to Gothic architecture. The Gothic Chapel is quite a spacious hall, of an elliptical form; the ceiling is apparently supported at its entrance by two stalagmite columns eight feet in diameter. There are five stalagmite formations at a convenient distance from the entrance, which from their positions and form, would seem to designate them as a proper place for a pulpit. The ceiling throughout is covered with stalactites, arranged in every variety of picturesque form; the whole resembling the interior of an ancient and venerable edifice.

About three hundred yards farther is 'Wilkie's Armed Chair.' This is a stalagmite very much resembling an armed chair. Near it is a fine sulphur spring. The 'Elephant's Head' next appears in view. It is composed of a cluster of stalagmites resembling the head of that animal. The 'Lover's Leap' is a cliff of twelve feet projection over a pit about thirty deep. We could not ascertain that there were any 'thrilling incidents' connected with that spot. The 'Devil's Elbow' is a winding passage in the rock forty feet high. 'Miss Gatewood's Dining Table' is a large flat rock, somewhat elevated, occupying a sort of niche, from which (it is said) the hands employed by the former proprietors of the cave received their provisions. 'Bonaparte's Dome' is a towering fissure in the rock sixty feet in height.

You have now finished your exploration of this branch. Returning the way you came you reach the main cave again. You proceed up the main cave about half a mile, when you pass to the right; descending a ladder about fourteen feet, you find yourself in a narrow pass created by a fissure in the rock. After passing through various windings and over fissures, a distance of about a mile, you reach 'Gorin's Dome.' Our guide placed us in the 'Gallery.' This is a sort of window apparently cut out of the solid rock.

It is the only place from which the Dome can be viewed to advantage. It is about sixty feet from the bottom, and nearly two hundred from the top. Our guide then proceeded through a very narrow, winding, and difficult passage to the bottom of the dome; when there, he gave us notice that he would set off a Bengal light, which he did, and the scene which opened up to our view was beautiful and sublime beyond description. The fissure or opening which constitutes the dome, is of regular form; it is twenty feet wide and nearly three hundred feet high. The surface of the perpendicular rock is perfectly smooth, and appears to be regularly fluted; near the top there is the appearance of fret work, and, without much tutoring of the imagination, a cornice and architrave may be seen. The beauty and sublimity of this last exhibition enchained us to the spot, and it was with some difficulty that we could make up our minds to leave.

Proceeding farther up the branch, we soon encountered 'Rolley's Pillar.' It is an elevated rock nine feet high, beautifully decorated with pebbly formations and numerous incrustations. 'Amanda's Dome' is an excavation out of the solid rock of nearly circular form. It is thirty feet high and terminates in an inverted cone. Passing on about two hundred yards, we reached 'Underwood's Monumental Spring.' After admiring the singular beauty of the surrounding scene, presenting almost every variety of broken, dilapidated, and partly defaced monuments of ancient character, resembling the ruins of an ancient temple, we regaled ourselves with a glass of limpid water from the living gushing fountain, and silently returned.

Having arrived at the point at which we entered the branch just described, we took another direction, and proceeded to 'Pensaco Avenue.' This avenue is three miles and a half in length, from forty to one hundred feet wide, and as many feet high. Thence to 'Malvina's Hall.' This hall is named after the daughter of the former proprietor of the Cave. It is of circular form, and contains three translucent columns. We next reached the 'Great Crossings,' where two large avenues crossed each other at right angles. The upper avenue is broken, leaving a chasm in that direction, but the lower one is complete. Within the distance of a mile, we passed the 'Devil's Pulpit,' the 'Pine Apple Bush,' and the 'Gothic Window.' These are all Stalagmites. The Pine Apple Bush resembles its namesake, and the Gothic window is nearly perfect in form. Half a mile beyond is 'Hanging Grove.' It is composed of a large number of beautiful stalactites, each with numerous branches, grouped so as to present the appearance of a grove. This terminated our exploration in that direction.

We then returned to the branch from which we started, and pursued our course to the 'Winding Way.' This is a passage about eighteen inches wide, from two to six feet high, and three hundred and fifteen in extent. It is evidently cut out of the solid rock by the action of water. After passing through it we reached 'Clay's Cave,' an avenue a quarter of a mile long, fifteen feet high, and sixty feet wide. The 'Bacon Chamber' is about three hundred yards beyond. The ceiling of this apartment strikingly resembles 'hams,' 'shoulders,' and 'middlings,' hanging up to smoke. The 'Bandit's Hall,' not far distant, was next visited. It is four hundred feet long, two hundred wide, and varying from fifty to one hundred feet high. It is cut into winding ravines, with cliffs over-hanging each other in fearful aspect, reminding one of a mountain pass, with whose eventful history is connected robberies and murders.

The Mammoth Dome is two hundred and fifty feet high, from thirty to one hundred

wide, and two hundred in extent. When lighted up it presents a scene awfully grand, but not equal in beauty to 'Gorin's Dome.'

The 'Star Chamber' and 'Floating Clouds' are in the same avenue. The appearance, in both cases, results from the removal of black incrustations from the white limestone ground. The illusion in reference to the stars, is complete. It resembles the clear, blue firmament studded with stars, seen from the bottom of a ravine of immense depth, with ponderous cliffs projecting on either side. The 'Black Chambers' contain ten branches. They are spacious and gloomy.

Near those chambers, there is a water fall of thirty feet, called the cataract. It passes through a fissure in the arch, and is about the thickness of a man's arm. The Fairy Grotto is about half a mile beyond the cataract. It contains ten stalactites and stalagmites, beautifully grouped. Near those formations the earth is elevated, presenting the appearance of an island, around which a placid stream is wending its way through the dark, distant subterranean passages. The whole scene forcibly reminded us of the Grotto and Island of Calypso, as described by the author of Telemachus.

Proceeding farther up the branch, we soon reached the point beyond which no human (perhaps no living) being had ever passed. Here the space between the earth and rock did not exceed eighteen inches; it was sometimes less. 'Massa,' cried Mat, 'we can go no further, unless we snake it.' 'Snake it, then, we must,' was the reply. With our lamps in our mouths, we accordingly 'snaked it' for about one hundred yards, when we came to an opening resembling a saloon, sufficiently elevated to enable us to stand upright. Here, to our great joy, we discovered a stalagmite, resembling, in its form and proportions, a bonafide crocodile. This was a new discovery; a result we had long wished for, and labored hard to attain. We were now completely repaid for all the fatigue we had endured, and felt almost as grateful as did Columbus when he directed a *te deum* to be sung by his crew.

From this point we returned to the Cave House, which we reached about nine o'clock P. M., having been absent fourteen hours, and travelled twenty-six miles.

On the following morning, after an early breakfast, having been joined by Mr. Samuel J. Stevenson, of Louisville, Ky., with 'Stephen' for our guide, we started upon a tour of discovery. The probability of success in this enterprise, was greatly lessened by the fact that during the previous night Col. C., only with a guide, had extended his explorations in the direction of and beyond Cleveland's Cabinet, and had discovered eleven new branches. To be thus cut off by a sort of nocturnal movement, although, perhaps, *a la militaire*, we did not deem quite fair. The Colonel did not require that distinction to complete the chaplet on his brow. Whereas, we were *bare headed* in that respect. The truth is, we were led half to suspect that the Colonel, knowing our persevering character, and the success that had already attended our efforts, and fearing open competition, resolved to make a demonstration at night.

All things being ready, our party, consisting of Col. A. R. McKee, of Lancaster, Ky.; Mr. Samuel G. Stephenson, of Louisville, Ky.; Stephen, the guide, and myself, we proceeded rapidly toward Cleveland's Cabinet. Having passed the 'rivers' in safety, we soon found ourselves ascending a ladder fifteen feet high, leading to the 'Vineyard.' This is an apartment of irregular form, and contains an area of about thirty feet square. The formations here resemble clusters of grapes hanging all around in rich profusion,



tempting you on every side. Not far from this is the 'Holy Sepulchre,' which we reached after much difficulty and some danger. This branch and its apartments were discovered a year ago by the Rev. Mr. Brown, a Roman Catholic clergyman of Bardstown, Ky. It is the most singular and imposing apartment in the whole cave. You enter through a small opening in the rock about eighteen inches wide, into what is denominated the 'Ante Room.' This contains fifteen large stalactites and stalagmites in semi-circular form, with a sort of drapery attached. Immediately adjacent is a small apartment, about ten feet square. The Holy Sepulchre is an excavation in the solid rock, in the form of an oblong square. It is six feet three inches long, three feet two inches wide, and four feet deep, and strikingly resembles a place for the deposit of the dead. While standing near the excavation, we were not unmindful of the thought that probably occupied the mind and thrilled the heart of the reverend gentleman, upon discovering this apartment. It is said by one of the Evangelists, in reference to our Savior, "They laid him in a sepulchre, which was hewn out of a rock." The excavation before us was literally described by the inspired writer, and hence the name and the reflection prompted by it. Returning to the main branch, we pursued our journey to the 'Cabinet.'—After travelling about one mile, we reached the 'Spar Hall,' where innumerable formations in the shape of a spar abound. Next we entered the 'Snow Ball Room,' the ceiling of which is literally covered with incrustations resembling the snow-ball. Thence to 'Mary's Bower.' In this apartment the incrustations have, for the most part, taken the form of rosettes. They are of various sizes, from one to twelve inches across. A short distance beyond this, we reached the Dining Table, which has been described.—We were now admonished by our stomachs that it was dinner time.

Stephen accordingly spread the table, and we luxuriated upon flesh and fowl. Having finished our repast, we proceeded to Cleveland's Cabinet, so called in honor of the distinguished geologist of that name. This apartment is three miles in length, from thirty to eighty feet wide, and fifteen feet high. Here are presented formations resembling almost every variety of the vegetable kingdom. When illuminated, the brilliancy and picturesque beauty of the scene surpasses the power of description, and even the conceptions of the most vivid imagination. Beyond this, in some of the side cuts, is found a substance of a light brown color, somewhat resembling isinglass. Passing on, you enter 'Croghan's Hall.' It contains a large number of stalactites, and one large stalagmite, five feet high, and one foot in diameter. We now proceeded to examine some of the branches discovered by Col. Croghan the night previous. We penetrated some miles through their various windings without reaching the termination of either of them. Nearly all of them (eleven in number,) contain formations similar to those just described. To what distance these subterranean halls extend, cannot be conjectured. The probability is, they connect with the 'Cumberland Cave,' which passes into the Cumberland mountains, and is about one hundred miles distant. In honor of the distinguished discoverer, we named the newly discovered branches, Col. Croghan's Assembly Rooms.

We now prepared for our return. After reaching the Vineyard, taking a different route, we passed 'Boon's Dome,' a dismal looking place. While viewing the naked cliffs, projecting in every direction, the water trickling from their broken, inverted peaks, throwing our lamps aside, it seemed as though

"The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth  
Swung blind, and blackening in the moonless air;  
Morn came and went, and came and brought no day."

Having passed the 'Spring side cut,' the 'Hanging Rocks,' the 'Path of Alger,' and 'Silliman's Avenue,' (named after the distinguished promoter of science,) we again reached the water. This is a lake about a mile and a half in extent, varying from twenty to sixty feet wide, and its greatest depth thirty feet. It has a current which always sets in the same direction, but is scarcely perceptible. At some points, in crossing, the arch is sixty feet above your head; again it is so low as to render it necessary to prostrate yourself in the boat. In passing through the higher arches, the echo is most extraordinary. Any sound will be reverberated with great distinctness, again and again, until it gradually dies upon the ear. In crossing, the rocks and sand bars intercept your passage, and render it necessary to employ three boats to pass over the several branches thus created. In this lake there are fish *without eyes*. To many, this seems incredible, and not a few have refused their belief to the statement, esteeming it altogether a fish story. It might be asked with much pertinency, why an organ should be furnished that is not needed? Eyes without *light* are perfectly useless; beside, the fact just mentioned does not conflict with well established physiological laws.

We procured three fish out of the lake; two of them are deposited in the cabinet of Rutgers's College at New Brunswick, where they may be examined by the curious. The cabinet likewise contains specimens of the various formations of the Cave.

In crossing the last branch of the lake, a *seriocomic* incident occurred. One of our companions, who had been something of a water fowl in his day, and accordingly thinking that there could be no sport without a ducking, commenced dancing in the boat. Poor Stephen was precipitated into the lake, neck deep. He succeeded, after several efforts, in reaching the shore, much to his gratification and our amusement.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE MINERALS FROM THE CAVE.

BY PROF. L. C. BECK.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., July 7, 1842.

SIR—I cheerfully comply with your request, that I would prepare a brief mineralogical account of the specimens from the Mammoth Cave, recently presented by you to Rutgers College.

These specimens, in their general appearance, are similar to those which are usually found in limestone caverns, consisting of stalactites, stalagmites, and concretions, exhibiting various imitative forms. But the variety is greater than has elsewhere been observed in localities of this kind, and the Mammoth Cave cannot fail to be as interesting to the mineralogist as it is to the mere admirer of what is curious and beautiful in nature.

##### NO. I. FROM "COL. CROGHAN'S ASSEMBLY ROOMS."

This is transparent selenite or sulphate of lime, of a yellowish color, and easily separable into laminae. It is in the form of the stalactite, and it exhibits, both on the surface and throughout the mass, a crystalline arrangement. Specimens of this kind are believed to be rare in limestone caverns.



## NO. II. FROM THE "HOLY SEPULCHRE."

A stalactite of upwards of two feet in length, and varying in its diameter from two or three to six or eight inches. It consists of carbonate of lime, which is fibrous and granular. The surface is rough, being covered with protuberances and globular concretions. It is of a yellowish color. For a public cabinet, this is an interesting specimen, as it illustrates, on a sufficiently large scale, the different appearances which stalactites present.

## NO. III. FROM "THE VINEYARD."

Resembles a cluster of grapes. It has a dark color externally, but when fractured exhibits the whitish color of the large stalactites. It is made up of carbonate of lime.

## NO. IV. FROM "CLEVELAND'S CABINET."

Snow white and delicately fibrous gypsum, or sulphate of lime. The fibres are often from three to four inches in length, straight, and terminate in imperfect crystals. Most commonly, however, they are curved, and exhibit various singular convolutions. Some of the specimens quite closely resemble the volute of the Ionic column. Of this variety, I have seen no specimens of equal beauty from any part of the United States. And if the mineral is common in the Western caverns, of which I know but little, it certainly does not occur in those of the State of New York. There is a point of interest also connected with the mode in which these incrustations of sulphate of lime are formed. The commonly received opinion, in regard to the formation of stalactites of carbonate of lime, is, that water charged with the calcareous particles filters through pores or fissures in the roofs of these caverns, and by the evaporation of the water the calcareous matter is deposited. It is not so easy, however, to account for the formation of these stalactites of sulphate of lime, which seem to be so abundant in the Mammoth Cave, unless the rock, which forms its floor, contains beds of this mineral. The filtration of water through such gypsum beds would give rise to gypseous incrustations, but we should still be at a loss to account for the singular convolutions of the fibres which are here observed.

## NO. V. FROM "CLEVELAND'S CABINET."

This appears to be a stalagmite, having a structure between fibrous and granular, of a white color, with a tinge of yellow. It exhibits various imitative forms on the upper surface. Sulphate of lime.

## NO. VI. FROM "SNOW BALL CHAMBER."

A small stalagmite rounded on the upper surface, of a snow white color, and consisting of minute plates or spangles which have a pearly lustre. It is chiefly made up of snowy gypsum, but the under side has a coating of granular calcareous carbonate. This has probably resulted from the decomposition of the gypsum. With the exception of the stalagmitic appearance, this specimen is similar to the nodules of snowy gypsum often found in the limestone at Lockport, and at Niagara Falls.

## NO. VII. FROM THE "SHORE OF THE JORDAN."

Pebbles of white quartz, handsomely rounded and smooth. They have probably been transported to their present locality from some distant point. It would be interesting to ascertain whether any of the rocks in the vicinity contain specimens of this kind of quartz.

## NO. VIII. FROM THE LAKE, SIX MILES FROM THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE.

A bottle, containing a small fish and a crayfish, both without eyes. In a notice of similar specimens, which I have recently seen in the transactions of the Academy of Natural Science, of Philadelphia, the fish is presumed to belong to a subgenus of *Silurus*, while the crayfish is named *Astacus Bartoni*. These eyeless animals are certainly among the most interesting objects which these explorations have made known.

In the hope that these notes, imperfect as they are, may be of some use to you, and may perhaps lead to a more minute examination of the products of this remarkable cave,

I have the honor to be your ob't serv't,

LEWIS C. BECK.

COL. ZABRISKIE.

## Original.

## CHEER THEE, MOURNER.

## I.

Come, cheer thee, mourner—'Tis not well to let thy spirit brood  
Thus darkly o'er the woes that meet and hem thee like a flood,  
And bear away each prop of hope from thy poor, childless heart,  
Until e'en love, and joy—and peace, and holy smiles depart!—  
Then cheer thee now, while yet there is one drop of comfort giv'n,  
'To ease thy pain, and heal thy breast, and make thee trust in heav'n.

## II.

Think'st thou, *The Father* did not know what still was good for thee,  
When from thy arms, he took thy boy, thy own dear Willaby,  
While yet the dew of morn was shed upon his joyful brow—  
And laid him where the long grass waves upon his cold grave now,  
But took his happy spirit up to yon bright starry plain,  
Where never, cares or sorrows more his little heart can pain?

## III.

Oh! could'st thou see thy Willy now, amid the shining band;  
His locks in which thy fingers play'd, by heavenly breezes fann'd,  
His seraph face with rapture lit—his eyes with sparkling fire,  
As now he breathes a deathless strain e'en from his golden lyre,  
Thou would'st no longer wish to call his spirit back to thee,  
But rather go and meet him there to praise the *One in Three*!

## IV.

Then cheer thee, mourner—'tis not well to let thy spirit brood  
Thus darkly o'er the woes that meet, and hem thee like a flood,  
And bear away each prop of hope from thy poor childless heart,  
Until e'en love, and joy, and peace, and holy smiles depart!  
Oh cheer thee *now*, while yet there is one drop of comfort giv'n,  
To ease thy pain, and heal thy breast, and make thee trust in heav'n. CLAVIUS.

Original.

## THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH BED.

A LEAF FROM A STUDENT'S NOTE BOOK.

It was a gloomy night when I was called to attend the death-bed of my classmate V—. The clock had tolled the hour of eleven, and as I hastened through the deserted avenues of the city, the frequent gusts of a raw November wind caused me to wrap my cloak still closer around my chilled form. The skies wore no promising aspect; not a star gleamed forth from the darkness of night, and no light directed my steps, except the feeble glimmerings of the street lamps. But if the night was gloomy, my reflections were not less so. V— had entered college with me. His examination, all agreed, had reflected credit upon him, and gave no small proof of his talents and industry. Well I remember with what *eclat* his eloquent declamations on the chapel rostrum had been received, and how often in the lecture room, his fluent and scholar-like translations, and thoroughly studied lectures, extorted the approbation of the Professors. He was decidedly our most promising member. But V—, with all his acquirements, wanted stern, religious, unbending principle. In an evil hour he yielded to temptation. Wine led the way, and soon strong drink paralyzed his energies.

I need not here detail the painful decline of my classmate. We had nearly reached that eventful period when we would be freed from college discipline; but with the flight of time V— had become a drunkard. The Faculty had expelled him for a gross act of indecorum in the lecture room, and his consequent remorse plunged him in his last and fatal revel. My heart bled for him, and when in his less delirious moments he begged that some of his classmates might visit him, I hastened to soothe his last moments, as soon as I was apprised of his wish.

But I was too late. Unhappy V— was already raging in a dreadful delirium.— When I opened the door of his apartment, a scene met my eyes which I shall never forget. His books and clothes were scattered in wild disorder, a few coals in the fire place were all that afforded warmth in the chilly night, while the dismal light of a solitary lamp which feebly burned, but poorly lighted up the room. In one corner lay V— on a low bed. Around him were some friends, who having anticipated me, were vainly endeavoring to restrain his frantic movements. O! the horrors of that scene beggar description. Imagination fails me, while I attempt the task. V— lay in dying agony; his face was horribly bloated, his features were distorted, and his raven hair tangled strangely on his brow. "Hell is emptied of its fiends"—he exclaimed wildly as I entered—"do ye not hear their curses—they come—help—I'm lost! lost!—mercy is fled—the dark waves of perdition roll over me—see! they come—they seize me—how they laugh at my agony—help! for the sake of heaven, help!—they grasp me"—and the victim plunged in frantic horror for a few moments. Suddenly a demoniac smile played upon his features. "Ha! ye are robbed of your prey," cried he; but quick as thought an unearthly shudder succeeded: even now, while I am transcribing this, it chills my blood to think of it. "See—see," he cried in tones of wilder agony, "death! he comes again—he is whetting his knife—see, he derides me—he lifts his fleshless hands aloft—and his

horrid grin—he hastens—he approaches—help! O God of mercy, help!—and the fiend—he is clothed in vipers—fire streams from his mouth—and his eyes how they glare—he is filling the accursed bowl—a thousand fiends dance on its edge—how he laughs—hell gleams from his eye—I drink—they grasp my throat—O! death—despair—help!”—he gasped, and then with one fearful effort, he burst from our hold, and fell bleeding on the floor. As we lifted him on the bed he seemed subdued. But it was for a moment. His shrieks now grew terrific. “Lost,” he cried, “lost! forever lost! I am bound to the regions of the cursed—I hear the dark stream roar—I hear the horrid laugh of the fiends—~~rum~~ has fired my brain—it has racked my soul—it has conjured up a thousand grim spectres—the fiery stream is sweeping me to hell—no mercy now—the demons will haunt me forever—see—they come again—they rattle my chains—perdition calls me—help, *help*, *HELP*!”—exhausted nature could sustain his gigantic efforts no longer—he struggled feebly—his eyes flashed fire, then grew dim—the blood gurgled in his throat, and he gasped in dying agony.

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At the request of the editors of this periodical, Cornelius L. Hardenbergh, Esq., has kindly furnished them with his Address delivered before the Alumni Association of Rutgers College, on the 26th day of July last, to take such extracts from it for publication as they may think proper. The main subject of his address was a sketch of the progressive steps which led to the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States.—He took occasion, however, previous to an examination of this interesting and instructive subject, to make some most excellent remarks on the obligation resting upon the American people to elevate the standard of our national character, which we propose at this time to give.

Original.

## THE OBLIGATION TO ELEVATE OUR NATIONAL CHARACTER.

BY C. L. HARDENBERGH, ESQ.

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The state of national pupilage in which the war of the revolution left us, has passed away. The rapid increase of population, the treasures of an extended commerce, the buoyant energy of free institutions, have expanded our growth on every hand. The tide of time has borne us on to manhood. We stand in the full maturity of strength, a phalanx of freemen, furnishing as yet to the rest of our race a solution of the problem, whether man is capable of self government. In proportion to the importance of our position in the great human family, are the responsibilities we are made to assume. Public opinion is the grand lever which accelerates or retards the every movement of a government which rests for its security solely on the virtue and intelligence of the people, and every individual, however humble, has a direct interest in that movement, and more or less influence in controlling it. Hence it is important that every one should draw his information from a pure and not a corrupt source; should base his opinions upon well acknowledged principles, because these principles are to give to the great mass their “form and pressure.” It is true we may not look for unanimity of sentiment on any given subject. In the infinite diversity of mind and talent, even with integrity for their guide,

men may from the same premises arrive at opposite conclusions. This however only bespeaks the weakness of human judgment, but leaves the heart untainted. Each one may not be destined to become the oracle of the circle in which he moves, yet each individual may feel, and ought to feel, the moral obligation that he is responsible for his own opinions and for their influence upon those around him, and be alive to every interest which may affect his country either for "weal or wo." Though he may say—

"To shake thy Senate and from heights sublime  
Of patriot eloquence, to flash down fire  
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task,"

Yet he may also realize—

"I can feel thy fortunes, and partake  
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart  
As any thunderer there. And I can feel  
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain  
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks  
Reflect dishonor on the land I love."

While with giant stride we are marching up to an eminence which embraces all the elements of a great and powerful people, philosophers and statesmen are awaiting with keen sensibility the development of our future history. The pander to power looks on with jealous eye as we successively break down the barriers which restrain the full and free exercise of thought and action, and betrays the secret hope, that the exercise of these principles may one day degenerate into licentiousness, or loose itself in the turbulence of faction: while the philanthropist of every clime turns to these confederated States as to the centre of his cherished hopes, clings to our very political existence as the last refuge from the exactions of lordly wealth or titled rank, and fervently breathes forth his aspirations for the perpetuity of our institutions. The curtain which hides these destinies we may not raise—futuraity will disclose them. But whether for good or ill, to rejoice hereafter the hearts of unborn millions, or to add another page to the melancholy history which records the wreck of human liberty, can be only known to Him whose controlling power sways the universal sceptre. If the trite remark, that "education forms the common mind," be just, and be pertinent to any state of society, it must be so to this, where the artificial distinctions of life are comparatively but little valued, and where intellectual vigor more frequently meets its due reward. He, then, who can aid in enlightening the public mind, and in propagating the principles of good government, of sound morality, and pure religion, is the true public benefactor. On these foundations rest the pillars of public security, the hopes of national character. Among the ancients no small part of their education consisted in acquiring a knowledge of their laws and government; but with us, these seem secondary considerations. No matter what may be a man's profession, he is expected to be a politician by intuition, and if he know but little of the Constitution of his country, it matters not, provided he know something of the constitution of his party, and least of all is he to be ignorant of the arts and management by which that party may maintain its ascendancy and advance its own and his aggrandizement. If we would elevate the standard of national character, and give permanency and stability to our institutions, we must banish from our counsels such unworthy motives, and learn to live for higher, nobler aims.

[Passing over the able history of the formation and adoption of the Constitution, for which we have not space in this number, we present the concluding reflections of the author thereon.—Eds.]

The solemn enquiry here obtrudes itself, how long shall this fair inheritance remain the property and the pride of its possessors. Can any system devised by human hand control such mighty, such complicated interests, spread over such an extended surface? Is there enough of the salt of public virtue to preserve from premature decay, these cherished fruits of former toils and present hopes? Will not some unhallowed hand with impious daring presume to lay hold upon the sacred ark, and dissolve the holy awe its presence should inspire? Can the North and the South be kept moving in the same orbit, when such opposing principles are steadily employed to drive them from the sphere? Will not the fiercer passions of the populace, goaded on by appetites and propensities unrestrained, the all-absorbing thirst of interested gain, the disappointed promises of unchastened ambition, the maddening strife and embittered malevolence of party spirit, or the morbid sensibility arising from "hope deferred," prove too powerful for the mechanism which regulates this peerless instrument, and ere long prostrate all, in hopeless, helpless ruin?

These are questions of thrilling interest, to every heart. Let the star of hope cheer us on to believe it may be long, very long, before the book of fate shall record them against us. Of this we may feel assured, the answers to them rest not on efforts for new discoveries in abstract principles or the lights to be gathered from exploded systems, but in the plain, practical application of what is already known and felt. Primarily, on the conscientious discharge of the obligations we owe as citizens of a great and extended empire, and as individual members of each community in that empire. A discussion of these obligations would open up a subject too wide for present consideration. If, however, a humble individual might venture suggestions on a theme so momentous, I would say, we can be at no loss for the means which ought to be employed. The past is at command, to furnish lessons for the future. As the philosophy of Bacon or of Locke, or the labors of sages in former time, would be of little worth unless we made a practical application of the principles on which they reasoned, so, although we have a written chart to guide us on the perilous journey, let us nevertheless in the practical application of its principles, seek to keep the public mind enlightened, and scatter with liberal hand the seeds of education, of morals and religion. Let us give of our substance and labor to erect by the way side, the school house, and to place within it, not the unlettered pedagogue, but one well skilled in the rudiments of knowledge, and possessed of aptness to impart them. Let us frown down the licentiousness of the public press, and by our countenance and support, bring it back to its legitimate sphere, the correction and purification of the moral and political atmosphere, and thus elevate and not depress the tone of public sentiment. Let us with renewed veneration sustain the pulpit in its work of love and mercy, and like Aaron and Hurr, hold up the hands of the sacred messenger who rightly divides the word of truth, and fearlessly proclaims its holy oracles. Let us pull down the groves and the images where sacrifice has too long been offered up in high places, and bring as offerings to the altar, hearts humbled by a sense of our waywardness, our guilt, and our depravity, and glowing with gratitude for the unnumbered mercies of which we have so long been the unworthy recipients. And not least of all,



let us as individuals practically illustrate what ought to be the living example of the principles we profess. I lay it down as a position beyond dispute, that that man who would think for himself, conscientiously follow out the convictions of his own mind, and live for the true ends of existence, must look to other and higher rewards than this world can afford him, nay must be content to be nobly just, in despite of the cold charities of his fellow men and the puny frowns of pigmy greatness. Such an one, however, may find consolation in the reflection, that the actions of men live after them. "*Dignum laude virum, musa vetat mori, musa celo beat.*" The name of the heartless monarch who poured the myriads of his Persian hosts upon devoted Greece, had long since perished in its worthlessness, had it not been redeemed to all future time, by the intrepid defender of the pass of Thermopylæ. In the cultivation of aids such as these, may we not indulge the hope, that while we are fulfilling our destiny, that destiny in its onward progress may be not unworthy of noble minds, and may terminate in promoting the happiness of social existence, so far as human lot may hope for happiness.

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Original.

#### COMMON SCHOOLS.

To the patriot, the cause of education assumes importance and interest. With watchful eye he sees, on the one hand, the controlling influence unprincipled demagogues may exert upon uneducated minds, and on the other hand, also, he contemplates the moral and political elevation which an intelligent people may acquire. The experience of the past has fully shown the difficulty of sustaining popular governments while the mass of the community remain unenlightened by knowledge. The often repeated sentiment, that the intelligence of the people is the only sure basis of popular government, appears to be well founded, and indeed manifest.

A universal diffusion of knowledge, then, is essentially necessary in our form of government. To effect this diffusion, Common Schools are instruments eminently useful and necessary. Colleges can only reach the wealthier classes, but these extend their privileges to all. Well directed, they become powerful in moulding the moral and intellectual interests of our country. Most frequently vice is nourished in ignorance, and ambition eagerly seeks servants among the uneducated. But common schools, by directing the infant faculties in a proper course, will prevent a large proportion of crime; and when once the intellect is aroused to a sense of its own greatness, selfishness and the lust of power will cower in shame. An enlightened mind disdains tyranny. Some of the most cruel kings have been the least educated, and the ignorant rabble of France were the greatest tyrants. The benignant influence of education will cement firmer the union of these States; it will long uphold our national existence; it will long vindicate our national honor. Establish common schools, and you open the road to usefulness and renown; you strike the death-blow to despotism; you perpetuate the dearest rights of man. Bright will be the period when every inhabitant of our country shall have been taught to read, and the blessings of knowledge within the reach of all. The philanthropist will then rejoice in the glorious consummation of his wishes; and benevolent institutions placing the bible in the hands of the destitute, religion will 'point the way to heaven—to God.'

As a nation, we feel too little interest in common schools, although they have an intimate bearing upon the destinies of our country. While thousands of our young, in an enlightened age, are rising to manhood in all the debasing darkness of ignorance, open to every suggestion of error and superstition, and liable every moment to become, unwittingly, the abettors of crime, we listen with supineness to every appeal to our patriotism. We join with enthusiasm in political contests; we watch with jealous eye the machinery of government, but we disregard the means of preserving it, forgetting that it rests on the basis of popular intelligence, and it is only by means of the permanence of that basis, the superstructure can rear its firm and majestic proportions. We toil with a miserly and grasping policy for gold, forgetting that treasure which cannot be bought or sold, and leaving many an immortal mind to sink into obscurity, without one effort to call forth their latent energies.

The cause of common schools demands the support of all. We plead for their establishment,—we plead for the education of the thousands of young in our country—those who will soon unite in wielding the powerful destinies of this nation—without the means of obtaining knowledge. And among these may lie hid the germ of some giant intellect,—some child of song, which may once pour forth the 'buried sweetness of its harp,'—some statesman destined for renown, who only needs an impetus to be given to his genius. The fires of patriotism must burn feebly indeed in that bosom which does not glow with sympathy for those who are rising to manhood in ignorance. O then let us throw off our apathy, and let the manly spirit of *action*, arouse us in this cause of philanthropy.

PHILOMATHEAN.

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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The present number of the 'Miscellany' is issued under some disadvantages. Its articles have been prepared during vacation—a time in which the college student accomplishes but little intellectual work, as every one acquainted with his life and habits must know. Indeed, such an employment would ill befit the days of joy and social intercourse and recreation which follow a term of hard, dry study. Disappointed by some of our contributors, we have been unable to give our usual quantity of original matter, but we doubt not that our selection will interest and instruct all. With these apologies we modestly hope our readers will kindly overlook the faults they may discern.

We are already amidst the bustle incident to the commencement of a collegiate year. We meet again, under the blessing of Providence, to mingle in the delights of happy fellowship, and to renew on the altar of friendship, that sacred fire which shall burn long after the halcyon days of youth are past. The kind salute goes round, and the voice of welcome once more enlivens the walls of our Alma Mater. We wish our returning fellow students, refreshed and cheered, as we trust, in the sunny smiles of home, health and prosperity in their studies. And now that again we are involved in all the busy duties of college life, may we resume our wonted employments with a new devotion at the shrine of literature; and under the auspices of an able and well qualified Faculty, may this be a year gratifying to the friends of our institution.